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A
Garland of English Verse

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A GARLAND OF ENGLISH VERSE

**(For Matriculation Examination of the
JAMMU & KASHMIR UNIVERSITY)**

Edited by

S. L. PANDIT M. A.

AMARSINGH COLLEGE.

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PREFACE

This selection of poems has been chosen, annotated and edited by an experienced teacher of English literature and language. It is by no means an easy task to introduce for the first time a highschool student to the wealth and variety of English poetry. While keeping in view this wide range of the subject, care has been taken to maintain an equilibrium between the merit and excellence of poems, on the one hand, and the vocabulary and the mental and emotional equipment of a secondary school student, on the other.

The notes and questions are by no means exhaustive and are meant to supplement the efforts of the teacher and the use of the dictionary. In the arrangement of the poems and their distribution into various sections it is intended to keep a natural pace with the growth of thoughts, feelings and intellect of a young boy just entering into his teens. Dr. James H. Cousins's poem *Spring in Kashmir* in Section III may be considered somewhat difficult for the Matriculation student, but the editor could not resist the temptation of including it in the selection because of its subject.

Thanks are due to Mr. S. L. Sadhu of the Department of English, Amarsingh College, Srinagar, for the invaluable help received from him in the preparation of this volume.

Publishers.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

The Editor and Publishers of this selection are grateful to Kalakshetra, Publishers, Adyar, Madras, for 'Spring in Kashmir,' 'Home Coming' and 'Unity' by Dr. James H. Cousins; Longmans Green and Co., for 'My Vow' by Sir Cecil Spring-Rice and to Messrs. Heinemann & Co., London, for 'If You Call Me' by Sarojini Naidu.

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I.

HERE ARE SONGS FOR YOU

Come, my little children, here are songs for you:
Some are short and some are long and all, all are new.
You must learn to sing them very small and clear,
Very true to time and tune and pleasing to the ear.
Mark the note that rises, mark the notes that fall,
Mark the time when broken, and the swing of it all.
So when night is come and you have gone to bed,
All the songs you love to sing shall echo in your head.

R. L. Stevenson

II.

Going Down Hill on a Bicycle

(A Boy's Song)

With lifted feet, hands still,
 I am poised, and down the hill
 Dart, with heedful mind;
 The air goes by in a wind.

Swifter and yet more swift,
 Till the heart, with a mighty lift
 Makes the lungs laugh, the throat cry :-
 'O bird, see; see, bird, I fly.

'Is this, is this your joy?
 O bird, then I, though a boy,
 For a golden moment share
 Your feathery life in air!'

10

Say, heart, is there aught like this
 In a world that is full of bliss?
 'Tis more than skating, bound
 Steel-shod to the level ground.

15

Speed slackens now, I float
 Awhile in my airy boat;
 Till when the wheels scarce crawl,
 My feet to the treadles fall.

20

Alas, that the longest hill
 Must end in a vale; but still,
 Who climbs with toil, wheresoe'er,
 Shall find wings waiting there.

SPEAK GENTLY

3

III.

Speak Gently

Speak gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear,
Speak gently, let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.

Speak gently to the little child;
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild,
It may not long remain.

5

Speak gently to the aged one;
Grieve not the care-worn heart
Whose sands of life are nearly run:
Let such in peace depart.

10

Speak gently; 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy that it may bring
Eternity shall tell.

15

Anonymous

TALES

IV.

Lochinvar

O young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,
And save his good broad sword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war, 5
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stay'd not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late: 10
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men and kinsmen, and brothers and all:
Then spake the bride's father, his hand on his sword, 15
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied :-
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide- 20
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up, 25
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup;
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye,
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, -
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar. 30

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace,
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "Twere better by far 35
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall door and the charger stood
near;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung; 40
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth yeung
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee, 45;
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see;
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of a gallant like young Lochinvar!

Sir Walter Scott

Casabianca

The boy stood on the burning deck,
 Whence all but him had fled;
 The flame, that lit the battle's wreck,
 Shone round him—o'er the dead.
 Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
 As born to rule the storm;
 A creature of heroic blood;
 A proud though childlike form!

5

The flames rolled on—he would not go,
 Without his father's word;—
 That father, faint in death below,
 His voice no longer heard.
 He called aloud: "Say, father! say
 If yet my task be done?"—
 He knew not that the chieftain lay
 Unconscious of his son.

10

15

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
 "If I may yet be gone!"
 "And"—but the booming shots replied,
 And fast the flames rolled on.
 Upon his brow he felt their breath,
 And in his waving hair,
 And looked from that lone post of death,
 In still, but brave despair.

20

And shouted but once more aloud,
 "My father! must I stay?"
 While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
 The wreathing fires made way:
 They wrapped the ship in splendour wild,
 They caught the flag on high,
 And streamed above the gallant child,
 Like banners in the sky.

25

30

There came a burst of thunder sound,
The boy!—oh, where was he?
Ask of the winds, that far around
With fragments strewed the sea,—
With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part!
But the noblest thing that perished there,
Was that young faithful heart!

35

40

Mrs. Hemans

VI

Horatius

I

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low;
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe;
Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town ?

5

II

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth,
Death cometh soon or late;
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods ?

10

15

III

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may,
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play:
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three,
Now, who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me ?"

20

IV

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he;
'Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius;

25

Of Titian blood was he:
‘I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee.”

V

“Horatius”, quoth the Consul,
“As thou sayest, so let it be.”
And straight against the great array
Forth went the dauntless three;
For Romans in Rome’s quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the grave days of old.

VI

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe;
And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar and crow,
And smote upon the plank above
And loosed the props below.

VII

Meanwhile, the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge’s head
Where stood the dauntless three.

VIII

The three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter,

From all the vanguard rose ;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array : 65
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew;
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way.

IX

Stout Lartius hurled down Annus, 70
Into the stream beneath;
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth;
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust,
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms 75
Clashed in the bloody dust.

X

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard amongst the foes;
A wild and wrathful clamour 80
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' length from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

XI

But hark! the cry is 'Astur'; 85
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield, 90
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

XII

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans, 95

And scorn was in his eye;
Quoth he, 'The she wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay;
But will you dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?'

100

XIII

Then, whirling up his broad sword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius
And smote with all his might,
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh;
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

110

XIV

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space;
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face,
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

Lord Macaulay

The Charge of the Light Brigade

- Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred,
"Forward the Light Brigade!" 5
Charge for the guns!" he said;
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
- "Forward the Light Brigade!" 10
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered;
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why, 15
Their's but to do and die;
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
- Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them, 20
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell 25
Rode the six hundred.
- Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while 30
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke 35

Shattered and sundered,
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred,

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them

40

Volleyed and thundered ;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell :

45

All that was left of them
Left of six hundred !

When can their glory fade ?
O the wild charge they made !

50

All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made !
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred !

Lord Tennyson.

VIII

The Suppliant Dove

Chased by a hawk, there came a dove
 With worn and weary wing,
 And took her stand upon the hand
 Of Kasi's noble king.

The monarch smoothed her ruffled plumes
 And laid her on his breast ;

And cried, "No fear shall vex thee here,
 Rest, pretty egg-born rest !

Fair Kasi's realm is rich and wide,
 With golden harvests gay,

But all that's mine will I resign,
 Ere, I my guest betray."

5

10

But, panting for his half-won spoil
 The hawk was close behind,

And with wild eye and eager cry
 Came swooping down the wind ;

"This bird," he cried, "my destined prize,
 'Tis not for thee to shield ;

'Tis mine by right and toilsome flight
 O'er hill and dale and field.

15

20

"Hunger and thirst oppress me sore,
 And I am faint with toil ;

Thou shouldst not stay a bird of prey
 Who claims his rightful spoil.

"They say thou art a glorious king,
 And justice is thy care ;

Then justly reign in thy domain,
 Nor rob the birds of air."

25

Then cried the king, "A cow or deer
 For thee shall straightaway bleed,
 Or let a ram or tender lamb
 Be slain, for thee to feed.

THE SUPPLIANT DOVE

15

Mine oath forbids me to betray
My little twice-born guest ;
See, how she clings with trembling wings
To her protector's breast." 35

"No flesh of lambs," the hawk replied,
"No blood of deer for me ;
The falcon loves to feed on doves
And such is Heaven's decree. 40
But if affection for the dove
Thy pitying heart has stirred,
Let thine own flesh my maw refresh,
Weighed down against the bird."

He carved the flesh from off his side, 45
And threw it in the scale,
While women's cries smote on the skies
With loud lament and wail.
He hacked the flesh from side and arm,
From chest and back and thigh, 50
But still above the little dove
The monarch's scale stood high.

He heaped the scale with piles of flesh,
With sinews, blood and skin,
And when alone was left him bone 55
He threw himself therein.
Then thundered voices through the air ;
The sky grew black as night ;
And fever took the earth that shook
To see that wondrous sight.

The blessed gods, from every sphere,
By Indra led, came nigh ;
While drum and flute and shell and lute
Made music in the sky.
They rained immortal chaplets down, 65
Which hands celestial twine,
And softly shed upon his head
Pure Amrit, drink divine.

Then God and Seraph, Bard and Nymph
Their heavenly voices raised, 70
And a glad throng with dance and song
The glorious monarch praised.

They set him on a golden car
That blazed with many a gem;
Then swiftly through the air they flew, 75
And bore him home with them.

Thus Kasi's lord, by noble deed,
Won Heaven and deathless fame;
And when the weak protection seek 80
From thee, do thou the same.

R. T. H. Griffith.

IX

The Battle of Blenheim

It was a summer evening,
Old Kasper's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

5

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large and smooth and round.

10

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh—
“‘Tis some poor fellow's skull,” said he,
“Who fell in the great victory.”

15

“I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plough
The ploughshare turns them out!
For many thousand men,” said he,
“Were slain in that great victory.”

20

“Now tell us what 'twas all about,”
Young Peterkin he cried;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
“Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for.”

25

30

"It was the English" Kaspar cried,
 "Who put the French to rout;
 But what they fought each other for
 I could not well make out."

"But everybody said" quoth he,
 "That 'twas a famous victory."

35

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by;
 They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly;
 So with his wife and child, he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head."

40

"With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide,
 And many a childing mother then
 And new-born baby died;
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At every famous victory."

45

"They say it was a shocking sight,
 After the field was won;
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun;
 But things like that, you know, must be
 After a famous victory."

50

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won
 And our good Prince Eugene."
 "Why," 'twas a very wicked thing!"
 Said little Wilhelmine;
 "Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
 "It was a famous victory."

55

60

"And everybody praised the Duke
 Who this great fight did win."
 "But what good came of it at last?"

Quoth little Peterkin,
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

B. Southey.

~~Vol. 1. p. 19.~~

X

Yussouf

A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent,
 Saying, 'Behold one outcast and in dread,
 Against whose life the bow of power is bent,
 Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head;
 I come to thee for shelter and for food,
 To Yussouf, called through all our tribes, "The Good." 5

'This tent is mine,' said Yussouf, 'but no more
 Then it is God's; come in and be at peace;
 Freely shalt thou partake of all my store
 As of His who buildeth over these 10
 Our tents his glorious roof of night and day,
 And at whose door none ever yet heard "Nay!"

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
 And, waking him ere day, said: 'Here is gold,
 My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight. 15
 Depart before the prying day grow bold.'
 As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
 So nobleness enkindles nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,
 Which shines from all self-conquest; kneeling low 20
 He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
 Sobbing: 'O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so:
 I will repay thee: all thou hast done
 Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son!'

'Take thrice the gold,' said Yussouf, 'for with thee 25
 Into the desert, never to return,
 My one black thought shall ride away from me;
 First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,
 Balanced and just are all of God's decrees;
 Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace!'

James Russel Lowell.

NATURE

XI

Under the Greenwood Tree

Under the Greenwood tree	
Who loves to lie with me,	
And turn his merry note	
Unto the sweet bird's throat—	
Come hither, come hither, come hither!	5
Here shall he see	
No enemy	
But winter and rough weather,	
Who doth ambition shun	
And loves to live i' the sun.	10
Seeking the food he eats	
And pleased with what he gets —	
Come hither, come hither, come hither!	
Here shall he see	
No enemy	15
But winter and rough weather.	

William Shakespeare

XII

Winter

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu-whit!

Tu-who! A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all about the wind doth flow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's pose looks red and raw!
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl —
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu-whit!

Tu-who! A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

W. Shakespear.

XIII

Spring in Kashmir

Now, while on the Himalayan heights,
The flower-like snows in sunshine fade,
Here, in a garden of delights,
A mimic winter-tide is made.

Lo! in an exquisite pretence
The Indian *may* doth here assume
Snow-shapes, and held in white suspense
Her lovely avalanche of bloom.

The soaring poplar earthward shakes
Its cotton as the wind's will shifts,
And fills the air with pallid flakes
That gather into snowlike drifts.

The slim acacia's clustered flower
Out of the veins of earth distils,
Through life's reincarnating power,
The dying whiteness on the Hills.

Daisies in white-eyed wonder wake
And spread their simulated snows
Where unseen hands in silence make
The snowballs of the guelder rose;

And where, touched by the season's mood,
Shy things adventurous are made,
And white nun Iris dons her hood
And joins the gentle masquerade.

Oh! in this tryst of joy and peace,
This paradise of sight and sound,
The brooding spirit finds release,
And sees, with vision grown profound,

Nature, in necromantic role—
To break the risk of bartering
Ascetic winter's begging-bowl
For sudden opulence of spring—

30

Conjure a flower-formed world of snow,
And lay for life's exploring feet
A gradual path where she may go
In confidence from cold to heat;

35

And crown Life's brow with a white kiss
To cool the the ardour of the day,
Lest she, too quickly finding bliss,
Should lose the happy Middle Way.

James H. Cousins.

XIV

Rain in Summer

How beautiful is the rain !
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain !

5

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs !
How its gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout

Across the window-pane
It pours and pours ;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain !

10

15

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks ;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool ;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

20

From the neighbouring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion ;
And down the west streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Ingulfs them in its whirling

25

30

And turbulent ocean,
In the country, on every sides,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain;

35

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting their yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapours that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

40

45

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures, and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

50

55

H. W. Longfellow.

L O V E

XV

She Walks In Beauty

She walks in beauty, like the night
 of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

5

One shade the more, one ray the less,
 Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
 Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
 How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

10

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
 But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
 A heart whose love is innocent!

15

Lord Byron.

XVI

A Home—Coming

What flags are these ? What trumpets ? Oh ! What drums ?
What pride august ? What solemn minstrelsy ?
Hush ! drums, ecstatic drums ! Say, who is she
That in the midst majestically comes ?
Is she some queen whose haughty eye benumbs 5
Proud potentates ? Whose word can lift the sea
Of shattering war, and fling red misery
Across the world ? Speak ! drums, O aching drums !
Hush ! hush ! wild drums ! drums in my happy heart !
Not thus she comes, my life's exalted queen, 10
But in deep silence far outlanding praise.
Here is no flaming sword that puts apart,
But Right's resistless blade whose stroke unseen
Wounds but to heal and crown with Freedom's bays ! 14

James H. Cousins.

XVII

My Love

She is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me,
O then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.

5

But now her looks are coy and cold,
To mine they never reply,
And yet I cease not to behold
The love light in her eye:
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

10

H. Coleridge.

XVIII

If You Call Me

If you call me I will come
Swifter, O my Love,
Than a trembling forest deer
Or a panting dove,
Swifter than a snake that flies
To the charmer's thrall
If you call me I will come
Fearless what befall.

If you call me, I will come
 Swifter then desire,
 Swifter than the lightning's feet
 Shod with plumes of fire.
 Life's dark tides may roll between,
 Or Death's deep chasms divide —
 If you call me I wile come
 Fearless what betide,

Sarojini Naidu

L I F E

XIX

To Daffodils

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon.

Stay stay
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the evensong;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.

We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

Robert Herrick,

XX

The Light of Other Days

Oft in the stilly night
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond memory brings the light
 Of other days around me:

The smiles, the tears
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken,
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimmed and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken!

5

10

Thus in the stilly night
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all
 The friends so link'd together
 I've seen around me fall
 Like leaves in wintry weather,
 I feel like one
 Who treads alone
 Some banquet hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled
 Whose garlands dead
 And all but he deserted!

15

20

Thus in the stilly night
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

25

T. Moore.

S P I R I T

XXI

Egypt's Might

Egypt's might is tumbled down,
Down a-down the deeps of thought ;
Greece is fallen and Troy town,
Glorious Rome hath lost her crown,
Venice's pride is nought.

5

But the dreams their children dreamed
Fleeting, unsubstantial, vain,
Shadowy as the shadows seemed,
Airy nothing, as they deemed—
These remain.

Mary E. Coleridge

XXII

My Prayer

Riches I hold in light esteem,
And Love I laugh to scorn;
And lust of fame was but a dream,
That vanished with the morn.

And if I pray, the only prayer
That moves my lips for me
Is, "Leave the heart that now I bear
And give me liberty!"

Yes, as my swift days near their goal,
'Tis all that I implore;
In life and death a chainless soul,
With courage to endure.

Emily Bronte.

XXIV

Unity

High on the rock-paved praying-ground
The sons of Allah stand,
Then in obeisance soul-profound
Bend earthward head and hand.

In robe and turban many-hued
They bloom upon the mind,
A bank of flowers in prayerful mood
Bending before a wind.

And here, beside the white-towered shrine,
God Shiva's ancient seat,
Field-blossoms in the sunlight shine
About my wandering feet;

And, as a breeze across my brow
On some glad errand runs,
They bow, as in devotion low
Allah's and Shiva's sons.

So calm the encircling hills, so sweet
The jasmine-scented air,
God, man and nature seem to meet,
And cancel *here* and *there*;

And show that, underneath their mask,
One holy impulse stirs
Those flowers that grace from Allah ask,
These clay-born worshippers.

In such clear glimpses of the Whole
Our foolish barriers fall;
For who finds kinship with the soul
Is kindred unto all.

James H. Cousins.

NOTES

Title

Author

Accession No.

Call No.

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I

Here Are Songs For You

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-94) was a well-known novelist and essayist who wrote many charming poems also. His novels *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped* are immensely popular with children. His poems also reveal how well he understood the mind of a child, with its innocence and wonder, and craving for romance.

The poem here chosen tells us how to read and enjoy all poems: slowly and clearly in accordance with the *time* and the *tune* of the poem. We must also mark the *rise* and *fall* of the movement of verse, as also the pause in the middle or at the end of a line. Strictly speaking we have "notes" in music while in poetry we have *rhythm* or *balance*. But the poet is comparing a poem to a song and hence using terms associated with music.

Line 4. *time and tune*: *tal* and *sur* in our vernacular express what the poet wants to convey. Every poem has to be read in its own way. Read aloud "The Charge of the Light Brigade" on page 12 and "My Prayer" on page 34 and mark that the 'time and tune' is different in either case. Recite some film-songs and rehearse the exercise marking the rise or fall in the voice.

Line 5 *the note*: the *high* or *low* sounds.

Line 6 *broken*: the pause, where the voice halts for a brief moment. Read aloud "Lochinvar" on page 4 and mark the break in the middle of the lines.

swing : free regular movement.

Questions.

1. Do you love to sing songs in your own tongue?
Why?
2. Do you know any English poems by heart?
Recite them.
3. Can you analyse the 'music' in this poem?

II

Going Down Hill on A Bicycle

An adventure within the experience of most boys and girls who will certainly understand what the poet means by 'a mighty lift' in line 6.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--|
| Line 2. <i>poised</i> : | balanced |
| Line 4. <i>wind</i> : | the word is pronounced differently in poetry. |
| Line 15. <i>skating</i> : | How does it differ from another winter sport <i>skiing</i> ? |
| Line 21. <i>Alas etc.</i> : | Though there is a note of sadness in lines 21 and 22, yet the poem concludes with a call for courage and optimism in the last two lines. |

Questions.

1. Have you ever enjoyed the experience related in this poem ?
2. Have you ever gone up a hill on a bicycle ? Do you think a poem could be written on this experience ? Give reasons for your answer.
3. Describe the imagined experience of flying an aeroplane!

III

Speak Gently

It is not known who wrote this poem, so it is *anonymous*. It teaches us a lesson that we must always keep in mind.

Line 7. *accents* :

Words ; some words are soft and musical, some harsh like the roar of a lion while some more grate upon the ear like the crack of lightning. Try to give examples of each.

Line 11. *sands of Life* :

Mark the aptness of the expression.

Line 16. *tell* :

measure, count.

Questions.

1. Write a short essay on the subject of the poem.
 2. Rewrite in simple prose the last stanza of the poem.
-

IV

Lochinvar

Sir Waller Scott (1771-1832): Poet and novelist. Versetales: *Marmion* and *Lady of the Lake*; novels: *Quentin Durward*, *Kenilworth*, the *Heart of Midlothian*, etc.

Lochinvar, a brave young Scottish knight, is not allowed to marry the beautiful Ellen by her father. She is engaged to marry another person who is proved a coward. On the day of the marriage young Lochinvar joins the guests at the wedding feast and requests the bride for a dance. While dancing thus they go out of the door and jumping on to the back of Lochinvar's trusted steed take to the winds. Lochinvar thus won Ellen for his bride.

Read the poem aloud and mark its quick motion. Contrast its movement with "Speak Gently". Mark the break in the lines in the second stanza.

Ellen is guilty of an act of disobedience to her father, yet she draws our sympathies. Why is it so? Recall to your mind the story of Sanjogta and Prithvi Raj.

Line 2. *Border*:

the Lowlands between Scotland and England. Formerly the two countries were ruled by different kings and there occurred frequent raids by one king or chieftain on another's territory.

steed:

not any horse but one fully arrayed to serve its master in the battle-field.

Line 5. *dauntless*:

bold

- Line 6. *knight* : a person of noble birth devoted to the service of weaker people especially ladies, unable to protect their honour.
- Line 8. *Esk river* : part of this river forms the boundary between England and Scotland.
- Line 9. *Netherby* : the castle belonging to the bride's father
- Line 10. *gallant* : the bold youngman who was her lover
- Line 11. *dastard* : coward
- Line 16. *craven* : cowardly. An uncommon word
- Line 19. *suit* : courtship, request for permission to marry
- denied* : contrast 'deny' with 'refuse' and 'decline'
- Line 20. *Solway* : a river in Scotland. The tide on this river recedes soon
- Lochinvar tries to put the bride's father off his guard So also in lines 23 and 24.
- Line 22. *tread a measure* : dance just one dance
- Line 26. *quaffed* : drank at a gulp
- Line 28. *tear* : Why is it so?
- Line 32. *galliard* : a lively French dance

Line 33.	<i>fret</i>	felt very restless
	<i>fume</i>	was very angry
Line 38.	<i>charger</i>	horse of superior order
Line 39.	<i>croupe</i>	hind part of the saddle
Line 41.	<i>scaur</i>	rock
Line 43.	<i>Graemes</i>	the bride's family
Line 44.	<i>Fosters, Fenwicks</i>	members of the Netherby clan- relatives and friends of the Graemes.
Line 45.	<i>lee</i>	meadow

Questions

1. Reproduce the story of the poem in simple prose.
 2. Do you know of any Indian story like this?
Write it out.
 3. What is your feeling when you read the poem aloud?
 4. To what period of history does this story belong?
Can such things happen now in England or Scotland?
-

Casabianca

Mrs. Hemans (1794-1835) wrote many songs and poems. Casabianca was a young boy of about 10 years on board a French warship at the Battle of the Nile in 1798, his father being the captain of the ship. During the course of this engagement his father left the boy alone to attend to his duty elsewhere on the ship, asking him not to leave his post unless ordered. Soon after the captain found himself facing defeat and decided to blow up the ship rather than surrender to the enemy. Thus it was that both father and son died, each loyal to his duty.

Each of the stanzas of this poem is a moving picture alive with sound and colour, especially in lines 1-8, 19-24, 27-32. How many of you can draw these on paper?

Line 2. <i>but</i> :	except
„ 3. <i>battle's wreck</i> :	the damaged ships on fire
„ 3-8	Amidst this scene of destruction and death the boy stood patiently and heroically, awaiting his father's order
„ 18. <i>may</i>	What is the force of this word ?
„ 19. ' <i>And</i> '	Mark the break. Picture to yourselves the scene in which the boy was standing
<i>booming</i>	the very sound of the word conveys the sense
„ 21. <i>breath</i>	gusts of smoke and hot air

Line 23. <i>post of death</i>	the poet prepares us for the end
„ 27. <i>shroud</i>	ropes attached to the mast
„ 28. <i>wreathing</i>	encircling
„ 33. <i>thunder sound</i>	caused by the explosion of the powder magazine
„ 37. <i>pennon</i>	long narrow flag on top of mast

Questions

1. What lesson does this poem convey?
 2. Write in simple English what you know of the Battle of the Nile.
 3. Do you know any Indian story like the one in this poem? Reproduce it in simple language.
 4. Paraphrase the last two stanzas of the poem.
-

VI

Horatius

Lord Macaulay (1800-59): essayist and historian. This extract is taken from his *Lays of Ancient Rome*. Romans have to defend themselves against an attack by Sextus, their own king, whom they have exiled for his wickedness, and who has sought refuge and raised an army in Tuscany. The Romans led by the consul (the chief magistrate) decide to cut down the bridge leading to the city across the Tiber. Horatius and his comrades gallantly stopped the invading army while the bridge is cut down. The Tuscans could not conquer Rome.

Line 1. <i>Consul</i> :	the chief magistrate of the city
Line 3. <i>darkly</i> :	gloomily
Line 5. <i>van</i> :	front rank of the army. What is the opposite of the word?
Line 6. <i>bridge</i> :	wooden bridge across the Tiber
Line 15. <i>ashes</i> :	graves
Line 20. <i>hold in play</i> :	delay the advance of the enemy, keep the enemy engaged
Line 21. <i>strait</i> :	narrow
Line 24. <i>keep</i>	defend
Line 26. <i>Ramnian</i> :	of the tribe of the Ramnes, one of the three tribes into which the ancient Romans were divided. Titians, line 30, belonged to the second tribe Tities.

Line 35. <i>array</i> :	large and well-armed force
Line 36. <i>dauntless</i> :	brave
Line 42. <i>harness</i> :	coat-of-mail
Line 45. <i>Fathers etc</i> :	the Roman society recognized two classes, nobles and other influential people, called Patricians i. e. fathers, and Plebeians or common people. In the defence of the state the distinction ceased and fathers and commons fought side by side like one man
Line 46. <i>hatchet</i> :	axe; <i>crow</i> , i. e. crowbar used as a lever
Line 48. <i>props</i> :	supporting beams
Lines 49-53 -	a neat picture of the advancing army
Line 52. <i>surges</i> :	waves
Line 56. <i>host</i>	army; compare it with the usual meaning
Line 57. <i>ensigns</i>	banners
Line 58. <i>rolled</i>	the idea is that the march of this huge army was like the movement of a big wave on the ocean
Line 65. <i>deep array</i>	the large army arranged in numerous ranks
Line 72. <i>clove</i>	split, cut

Line 74. <i>fiery</i>	deadly
Line 75. <i>Umbrian</i>	Umbria is a small district in Italy between Tuscany and the Marches, and Rome and the Abruzzi. Picus was a native of Umbria
Line 79. <i>wrathful clamour</i>	noise as an outcome of resentment and anger
Line 83. <i>for a space</i>	a short time
Line 85. <i>Astur</i>	An Etruscan chief, the Lord of Luna. Luna is the modern Carrara noted for mines of white marble. Luna is Latin for the moon. Compar <i>lunar</i> , <i>lunatic</i> , etc.
Line 89. <i>ample</i>	broad
Line 91. <i>brand</i>	sword
Line 95. <i>flinching</i>	yielding
Line 97. <i>she-wolf's litter</i>	a legend says that Romulus and Remus founders of Rome were suckled by a she-wolf
Line 98. <i>at bay</i>	on guard, regardless of the possibility of success
Line 106. <i>deftly</i>	skillfully
Line 116 <i>a thrust he sped</i>	dealt a quick blow with his sword

As a rule lines 2 and 4, and 6 and 8 in each stanza rhyme together, i. e. the last vowels or consonants of these lines have the same sound. The odd lines do not rhyme. The rhyming arrangement is different in stanzas 7, 8 and 13.

Questions.

1. What was Horatius fighting for?
2. Give a brief account of the fight.
3. Do you know of any similar story of a fight, Indian or foreign? Reproduce it in simple language.
4. Paraphrase stanzas VII, XI and XIV.

VII

The Charge of the Light Brigade

Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809-92) : poet laureate; wrote *Idylls of the King*, *Enoch Arden*, *the Princess* etc.

The test of a true soldier lies in his readiness to obey orders, even if that means certain death. Six hundred English soldiers passed this test together during the Crimean war in 1854. Owing to a blunder somebody ordered these six hundred cavalrymen to charge the enemy's battery, and these six hundred soldiers obeyed the orders, knowing full well the risk they were running. The charge lasted about 24 minutes and only about one-fourth number returned alive.

This poem depicts a heroic deed. Tennyson was a perfect artist and he has chosen the form of the

lines and the words with a view to suit the theme of the poem.

Line 1. *league*

three miles. The cavalrymen had to ride half-a-league. i. e. a mile and a half through a valley mounted with guns on three sides. It was, therefore, really a valley of Death.

„ 2. *onward*

repetition of the words 'half-a-league' emphasises that the distance to be traversed under the circumstances was a lengthy one

„ 6. *charge for*

attack

He

the commander, Lord Cardigan

„ 10. *dismayed*

afraid'

„ 21. *volleyed*

fired together

„ 22. *stormed at*

fired profusely upon

24-25.

Death and Hell represented as two monsters with gaping mouths.

„ 27. *sabre*

cavalry sword with curved blade

„ 32. *battery*

a number of guns arranged together

„ 34. *Cossack*

Russian Cavalry

„ 50. *when*

i. e. never

Note how many distinct word-pictures of the six hundred cavalymen in different attitudes have been given in this poem!

Questions

1. What lesson does this poem contain for a soldier?
2. Imagining yourself a cavalryman in the Light Brigade give an account of the charge.
3. Write a short essay on "Duties of a soldier".

VIII

The Suppliant Dove

R. T. H. Griffiths (1826-96), a celebrated Sanskrit scholar who spent many years in India as Principal of the Banaras College.

The *Mahabharata* tells the story of Sivi, an ancient King of Kasi (Banaras) who cut off his flesh, piece by piece, in order to give shelter to a dove chased by a hawk who claimed it as its lawful prey. The moral of the poem is contained in the last stanza.

The poem also raises the issue that justice and mercy may not always serve the same purpose.

Suppliant : begging for shelter and protection

Line 1. *hawk* a bird of prey

Line 5. <i>ruffled</i>	disturbed; disarranged
„ 9. <i>realm</i>	kingdom
„ 10. <i>betray</i>	prove false to
„ 13. <i>panting</i>	gasping for breath
„ <i>spoil</i>	prey
„ 16. <i>swooping</i>	rushing down quickly and forcefully
„ 21. <i>oppress</i>	trouble
„ 27. <i>domain</i>	kingdom
„ 34. <i>twice-born</i>	a bird is first born in the shape of an egg and for the second time when it comes out of the egg. The upper castes among the Hindus are also known as the twice-born
„ 40. <i>decree</i>	order
„ 43. <i>maw</i>	stomach
„ 45. <i>carved</i>	cut off
„ 49. <i>hacked</i>	cut off with blows
„ 54. <i>sinews</i>	muscles
„ 59. <i>fever</i>	stir and excitement
„ 62. <i>Indra</i>	lord of heaven
„ 65. <i>chaplets</i>	wreathes of flowers
„ 66. <i>celestial</i>	divine
„ 69. <i>Seraph</i>	angel of love

Bard

angel singing divine songs

Nymph

divine being with a maiden's form

Questions

1. Explain the moral of this poem.
2. Why did the hawk refuse to accept any other flesh but that of the dove?
3. Why did the gods bless the king?
4. Paraphrase stanzas 18 and 19.

IX

The Battle of Blenheim

Robert Southey (1774-1843) poet and author. His *Life of Nelson* is a very well-known book.

Most of us feel impressed by the uniforms of soldiers and victories of generals without really understanding what misery and privation are caused by battles and wars. Old Kaspar, a poor farmer, was such a simple-hearted fellow. His grandchildren, however, instinctively realized that victory is a wicked thing as it turns numerous young men into the wounded and the dead.

This poem is a simple narrative. 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' and 'Horatius' glorify the sacrifices made by brave soldiers in battles; but the poet here impresses upon us that a great victory causes numerous deaths without doing good to any one.

Blenheim : a village in Bavaria where the English and the Prussians together defeated the French in 1704.

Line 32. *put to rout* : Utterly defeated

„ 38. *hard by* : near by

„ 44. *wasted* : destroyed

48. The repetition of this line at the end of the following stanzas only emphasises the hollowness of the victory in comparison with the price paid for it in the way of death and destruction.

55. The Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene were the English and German generals and fought on the same side. Thackeray has portrayed them fully in *Henry Esmond*. Mr. Winston Churchill, the British statesman and war-time Prime Minister, is a direct descendant of the Duke of Marlborough.

Questions

1. What is the moral in this poem ?
2. What is the difference in their attitude towards war between old Kaspar and his grandchildren ?
3. Write what you know about the Battle of Blenheim.
4. Write a short essay on "Peace and War".

X

Yussouf

James Russel Lowell (1819-81). American poet and essayist. Lines 17-18 of the poem contain its

central idea If we approach people with hatred and fear, they will treat us likewise. On the other hand, kindness and nobleness on our part create similar feelings towards us in the minds of others. It is always better to 'rule by love than fear' but it is far more difficult. The world knows of numerous military conquerors, but those who offer love and kindness for violence are few. In spite of this, we should try to follow the examples set by Christ, Buddha and Mahatma Gandhi.

- Line 2. *outcast* driven out from home. What does the word *outcast* mean?
3. Some powerful person is engaged actively against me
4. You are welcome to enjoy fully all that I have.
- 16 Before daylight grows strong and clear to disclose you to your enemies.
20. *self-conquest* there is always a tendency in man towards self-indulgence, ease-loving and comfort because it is rather difficult to be truthful, hardworking and honest. But one who faces these difficulties, overcomes ease-loving etc. in him and is prepared to stand by truth at whatever cost, is said to have conquered his self. Such men are few but they have a unique charm.
- 22, *sheik* chieftain, leader
27. *black thought* Yussouf was uncertain about

1. What is the moral in this poem?
2. What was the great lesson that Mahatma Gandhi tried to teach men and politicians?
3. Imagining yourself Ibrahim, give an account of your meeting with Yussouf.
4. Paraphrase stanzas 3 and 4.

Under the Greenwood Tree

Here is a poem that makes life in the countryside attractive to us. People living in palaces and in big cities have many enemies and they have little freedom to enjoy the pleasures of nature.

9. *ambition* eagerness for worldly prosperity

shun

leave aside

11. *seeking*

obtain with his own efforts

12. *what*

whatever little

Questions

1. Write a short essay on "Country life versus town life".
2. What is the central idea in this poem?

XII

Winter

With a few strokes of his pen the poet produces a sharp picture of the winter season in its severest form. Most of the observations made about winter must be within the experience of boys and girls in Kashmir.

Line	1. <i>icicles</i>	drippings of roofs etc. frozen and suspended vertically
	2. <i>blows his nail</i>	tries to warm his hands with his breath
	4. <i>pail</i>	vessel
	5. <i>nipt</i>	check in circulation caused by cold
	<i>foul</i>	muddy, dangerous because slippery

7. *Tu whit etc.* hooting of the owl
11. *saw* sermon, advice, interrupted by coughing — something very common in winter
12. *brooding* sad because they can get nothing to eat
9. *greasy* dirty for lack of washing
- keel* "Keep cool by stirring round (Palgrave)

Questions

1. Write a short essay on "Winter in Kashmir."
2. Name the birds that stay in the valley of Kashmir throughout winter?
3. Write what you can on the "Pleasures of summer" in Jammu.



XIII

Spring in Kashmir

James H. Cousins is an Irish poet who has been living in India for about a generation. Dr. Cousins has been sympathetic towards the political, social, cultural and spiritual aspirations of India since she started her struggle for political and social freedom. Happily, he is living amongst us in Madras and we still look forward to his contributions towards our cultural and spiritual advancement.

Not many poets come to Kashmir in early spring. Dr. Cousins is one of the very few who visited our lovely valley in early spring. In this poem he has repayed our country the debt of her hospitality. The poet feels that spring has been created to serve as a link between winter and summer to make life's progress gradual, and praises the 'middle way', a way of life in which extremes are well balanced.

Line 3. *garden of delight* : the Nishat Bagh

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---|
| „ 4. <i>mimic</i> | imitative, closely resembling |
| „ <i>winter-tide</i> | winter. The poet tries to convey that the whiteness of the snow fading from the hills is preserved in flowers which make the impression that the trees are laden with snow. Hence 'mimic winter-tide' |
| „ 5. <i>exquisite pretence</i> | imitation that gives us delight |
| „ 6. <i>may</i> | Indian variety of an English tree with white flowers |
| <i>assume</i> | adopt |
| „ 8. <i>avalanche of bloom</i> | white flowers bloom in large quantities extensively on trees. What is an avalanche? |
| „ 10 <i>wind's will shifts</i> | the wind changes its direction and shakes the trees |
| „ 12. <i>drifts</i> | slow currents |
| „ 13. <i>acacia</i> | kikar |

Line	<i>clustered</i>	large in size
„ 14.	<i>distils</i>	absorbs
„ 15.	<i>reincarnating power</i>	It is believed by millions in India that the soul does not die but comes to life again after apparent death in a person. This coming to life again is called reincarnation. The poet means to convey that the whiteness of snow seems to have appeared after its apparent death, when the snow has melted, again in the whiteness of the acacia flower.
„ 17.	<i>The white daisy</i>	(A flower shaped like the human eye) opens its eyes in wonder when the flower comes back to life in spring.
„ 18.	<i>simulated</i>	false but closely imitative
„ 20.	<i>guelder rose</i>	mark the spelling
„ 21.	<i>touched by the season's mood</i>	the influence of the season is such that even things by nature retiring and modest are inspired with ambition, courage, energy and love of life. It is because of this that Iris, though modest and retiring like a nun ...
„ 23.	<i>dons</i>	puts on
	<i>hood</i>	covering for head and face
„ 24.	<i>masquerade</i>	dance festival when those who

participate cover their heads with masks or veils to hide their identity. The whiteness of snow appears in different forms in disguise.

Line 25.	<i>tryst</i>	beautiful meeting place
„ 28.	<i>vision grown profound</i>	an extraordinary power of sight
„ 29.	<i>necromantic role</i>	the role of a magician who changes the forms of things
„ 30.	<i>bartering</i>	exchanging
„ 31.	<i>ascetic</i>	beggar; a person living an austere life denying himself all pleasures and comforts
„ 32.	<i>opulence</i>	wealth
„ 33.	<i>conjure</i>	bring magically into existence
„ 34.	<i>exploring</i>	life is an eternal adventure, an exploration
„ 37.		Decorate Nature's life with cool white flowers reminding one of the cold white snows
„ 38.	<i>ardour</i>	heat, intensity

Questions

1. What is the main idea in this poem?
2. Write a short essay on "Spring in Kashmir".

8. Describe a scene in the Shalimar garden in the month of April.
4. Paraphrase the last two stanzas of the poem.

XIV

Rain in Summer

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-82): a great American poet whose poetry deals much with tender or pathetic incidents in human life, and those aspects of nature that appeal to the human heart by their quiet beauty.

Though this poem was written in America it reminds us of the Indian monsoon.

Line 6. <i>clatter</i>	the loud and harsh sound the rain makes when it strikes against hard objects
9. <i>spout</i>	the mouth or outlet of the gutter round the roof
14. <i>gutter</i>	paved channel for water at the side of the street
„ 17. <i>twisted brooks</i> :	water flows along curved or mazy channels
„ 25. <i>wonted</i> :	usual
„ 26. <i>commotion</i> :	noise, excitement

- „ 28. *mimic fleets* : paper boats or wooden toy boats
- „ 34. *tawny* : brownish yellow
- „ 40. *yoke-encumbered* : head burdened with the yoke
- „ 43. *clover* : plant used as fodder
- „ 59. *thrift* : profit

Questions

1. Write a short essay on "Coming of the monsoon rain"
2. Do you know any Indian song of the rainy season? If so, translate it into English.
3. What is the difference between the joys of a young child and of a peasant at the coming of the rains in summer?
4. Paraphrase the last two stanzas of the poem.

XV

She Walks in Beauty

Lord Byron : (1788-1824) was a contemporary of Wordsworth and his poetry is full of the ardour of youth. He travelled a great deal and gave us his verse tales in 'Childe Harold' and 'Don Juan'.

Beauty of women has been a source of great inspiration to poets in all ages. A lady who combines

beauty with goodness and virtue is all the more charming. Such is the case with the subject of the present poem who radiates beauty all round.

Line 4.	<i>aspect :</i>	Expression, appearance
„ 5.	<i>mellowed :</i>	softened, toned down
„ 8.	<i>impaired :</i>	spoiled, marred
„ 9.	<i>raven :</i>	glossy black; English poets generally like golden hair
	<i>tress :</i>	lock of hair
„ 14.	<i>eloquent :</i>	clearly expressive

Questions

1. What other poems do you know that have been written in praise of women's beauty?
2. Paraphrase the last stanza.

XVI

A Home-Coming

In 1910 Mrs. Cousins was imprisoned in London while fighting for women's rights. This poem was written three months later on her release and return to her husband.

Line 2.	<i>august</i>	majestic
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„	<i>minstrelsy</i>	music, entertainment
„	5. <i>benumbs</i>	overawes, silences
„	7. <i>red misery</i>	in the shape of bloodshed
„	14. <i>Freedom's</i>	In 1910 women wanted vote independently of men so that they could exercise direct influence on the Parliament and be free of the dependence on males in this respect.
	<i>bays</i>	wreath of bay tree worn by conquerors; heroic fame

Questions

1. Paraphrase the poem.
2. Write a few lines on the meaning of Satyagraha.
3. There are two main feelings blended in this poem. Can you point them out?

XVII

My Love

H. Coleridge (1796-1849.) He was the son of the more famous Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1829).

A true lover does not go by the appearance of the beloved nor does his love cease if her attitude is not encouraging.

„ 7. *coy* shy

Questions

1. Write what you know of the life and career of Sarojini Naidu.
2. Point out the word-pictures in this poem.
3. Paraphrase the poem.

XIX

To Daffodils

Robert Herrick (1591-1633): was a clergyman and wrote many beautiful lyrics.

Herrick sees the flowers in a melancholy mood, and they remind him of the fact that our life is shortlived and that even youth and beauty cannot last long.

8. *evensong* : evening prayers in Church ;
evening

12. The period of youth is the
spring of man's life.

Questions

- 1 Explain the main idea of the poem.
2. Note the comparisons in lines 17 and 18. Can you suggest any more comparisons like this?
3. Paraphrase the second stanza of the poem.

XX

The Light of Other Days

Thomas Moore: (1779-1852): a poet who originally came from Ireland. He wrote many poems which were popular in his own time. Though he never visited the East, he composed a poem on Iran and Kashmir, 'Lalla Raokh'. His descriptions of the valley of Kashmir, which he never saw, are remarkably apt.

In this poem he gives expression to a feeling of sadness and isolation. His friends, who shared his company have all departed from this world and deserted him.

Line 2.	<i>slumber's chain etc.</i> :	such expressions are common in the oriental way of thinking
„ 8.	<i>dimmed</i> :	through death
„ 16.	<i>linked</i> :	associated intimately
„ 21.	<i>banquet-hall</i> :	where festivities have taken place
„ 22.	<i>fled</i> :	gone out
„ 23.	<i>dead</i> :	faded

Questions

1. Explain the main idea of the poem.
 2. Paraphrase the poem.
 3. Pick out the comparisons in the poem. How do these add to the beauty of the verses?
-

XXI

Egypt's Might

Mary Elizabeth Coleridge (1861-1907) Many countries have had glorious periods of great achievements to their credit, but in every case an age of decay followed. Egypt, Greece and Rome lost their power and material accomplishments thus. But the achievements of the peoples of these countries in the realms of art, philosophy and thought are everlasting.

Line 1. *Egypt's might*: Egypt was for many centuries not only a powerful state but also a great centre of civilization. Greece and Rome were similarly great in succeeding generations.

„ 5. *Venice's pride*: Venice was the mistress of the Mediterranean during the Middle ages

„ 6. *dreams*: fine, lofty thoughts in art,
poetry and philosophy
children. men of genius

Questions

1. Explain the main idea of the poem.
2. Paraphrase the poem.

XXII

My Prayer

Emily Bronte (1818-45): well known as a poet and novelist.

The poet has no use for riches, fame etc. desired by people in general. She only prays for liberty and courage in life and death. There are many people gifted with physical courage and liberty, but few among them can exercise these virtues in spirit and thought.

Questions

1. What is the central idea of the poem.
2. Paraphrase the last stanza of the poem.

XXII

My Vow

Sir Cecil Spring-Rice (1859-1918) was British Ambassador in the United States of America and composed this poem just one month before his death.

A true patriot is ever prepared to make any sacrifice for his country and the poet, as is evident from this poem, passes this test of patriotism. At the same time the poet cannot forget the country of gentleness and peace, the kingdom of Heaven which can be gained through love, faith and sacrifice.

Line 5- <i>falters</i> :	hesitates, halts
„ 6. <i>undaunted</i> :	fearlessly, courageously
„ 7. <i>another country</i> :	Kingdom of Heaven
„ 9. <i>may not</i>	cannot
„ 10. <i>her fortress</i> :	it is through sufferings and faith that we can overcome the forces of evil and seek the Kingdom of Heaven

Questions

1. What is that higher faith which is above mere love of one's country?
2. Can you write a short essay on "Evils of Patriotism."
3. Rewrite the poem in simple prose.
4. Point out any repetition of words in the poem. How does it strike you?

XIV

Unity

All great leaders urged our countrymen to unite together and present a strong front to the alien ruler in the battle of freedom. Unity amongst its ranks was absolutely necessary for the nation in struggle. Now that the battle for freedom is won it is much more necessary for us to be united together so that we build the country up and rid it of numerous ills. The brunt of a battle is borne by the army but in the struggle for reconstruction every individual has to contribute his mite.

Strangers to India made much of the religious differences between Hindus and Muslims. But a sympathetic foreigner, like the poet here, recognizes that the same soul inhabits both and that the apparent differences teach us to seek the unifying factors between not only Hindus and Muslims, but amongst all divergent races and cultures and, in fact, between man and the universe. This poem is an inspiration to us to forget our differences and seek the principle of harmony which unifies the whole universe.

Line 3. *obeyance* :

reverence.

„ 19. *God etc*

Man, his creator God, and nature from which he created him are in entire harmony with one another and no distinction is possible

„ 21. *mask* :

outward appearance which separates man from fellow man

„ 22. *impulse* :

instinctive thought

„ 26. *barriers* ;

walls, partitions

27-18.

The lesson contained in the last two lines is well worth remembering by all of us

„ 28. *kindred* :

friendly, related, of the same kind as

Questions

1. What lesson does this poem convey to us ?
2. Can you write a short, essay on the Unity of all religions ?
3. Point out the word-pictures in the poem.
4. Paraphrase the last two stanzas of the poem.

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